

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

STANFORD, LINCOLN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1872.

NO. 39.

THE INTERIOR JOURNAL.
IS PUBLISHED IN
Stanford, Kentucky.
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

OFFICE—SOUTH SIDE MAIN STREET, (op. State).

HILTON & CAMPBELL, Proprietors.

TERMS—Two Dollars per Year in Advance.

THE RED CROSS.

The year is drawing to a close, and we need the money due us on subscription. Those of our subscribers who find a red X after their names on the margin of the paper, or on the wrapper, are politely notified their subscription is due, or over due, and are requested to remit the same immediately. We desire to purchase a power press, and enlarge our paper four columns at the beginning of our second volume, and will do so if properly encouraged, and promptly paid. Please come to our assistance, friends, and we will make you the LARGEST if not the BEST weekly paper in Central Kentucky.

BACKWOODS KIT;

THE LONE DOVE OF KENTUCKY.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Among the brave women who followed the redoubtable Benjamin Logan across the mountains, for the purpose of establishing a settlement in Kentucky, truly called the "dark and bloody ground," was Beatrice Lindsay. Left an orphan a few months prior to the emigration, she had nothing, save recollections of bygone days, to bind her to the old North State, and with her little brother, a lad of twelve, she embarked with eagerness the opportunity to assist in the colonization of the famous Shawnee hunting ground.

In the year 1775, a backwoods' structure, christened Logan's Fort, after its founder, arose in the wilderness of Kentucky, and within a mile of the present town of Stanford in Lincoln county. For a long time the Indians did not molest the settlers; they came often to the fort, and the settlers thought they had succeeded in securing the lasting friendship of the red men.

Now and then they heard of the progress of the Revolution, and what was their surprise when they were informed by a messenger from Booneborough, that a force of British and Indians were hastening to the work of pillage and massacre.

The report was not credited until confirmation came, and then all necessary preparations were made for a stubborn defense.

"Here comes Kit Childster," said a young pioneer, one evening, as the sentinel admitted a suspicious-looking individual. "I'd rather not see him here these times; he don't wear an innocent look, by any means, and I'd like to know how he can tramp the woods without any arms."

"That's what puzzles me, Roger," answered the young man's companion. "I believe that that fellow is in league with the redskins. Hadn't you noticed how free he made with Waugan the last time the Shawnee war-chief was here? and I caught him having a private interview with Beaver Tail in the rear of Logan's cabin. We must watch him closely, now that the Indians have dug up the hatchet, and when my suspicion of his treachery amounts to a certainty, there will be a dead man hereabouts."

The speaker's lips curled firmly over the last word, and he darted a sharp look at the burly, bearded man who was approaching.

"Well, Kit, what of our red-skinned foe; he asked with a faint smile. "You're the only scout we have seen for two days, and, of course, there's a dearth of news from the outside world."

"I anticipate no attack," returned Backwoods Kit, as he was called confidently. "I am just from Booneborough, and they had no news there about the reported foe. However," he glanced around on the defenses, strengthened during his absence, "it is well enough to be prepared for any emergency. But you may sleep without the dread of being awakened by the British musket."

Having thus spoken Kit Childster moved away, and sought Colonel Logan, who was superintending the erection of an additional block-house.

"When that man said he was just from Booneborough, he lied," said Mark Kingham, turning to Roger Hallinck. "He could not know me in the eye when he said that; he knew he was lying. I am my turn to go out in the woods to-night, and, Hallinck, I want you to watch that man. Do you know what happened when he was here last?"

"No."

"He had the audacity to ask Beatrice Lindsay to become his wife."

"And of course she refused—it would be like mating the dove with the vulture."

"Or the curious crow," said Kingham,

"She refused him in plain words, and he went away muttering something which she could not understand."

"His visit to the fort at this time means mischief," said Roger, "and he is not the fellow to give up our Lone Dove thus tamely. He will make a desperate struggle for her."

"Indeed, he will, Roger," returned Mark, glancing at the suspected man. "Will you be at the gate to-night?"

"Yes."

"Then, for God's sake keep your eyes open!"

"Never fear. If that rascal comes sneaking up to me in the dark, I'll drop him."

To the plowman twain Christopher Childster had long been a suspected character. He encountered Logan's party in the wilderness, and had guided the emigrants to the spot where the fort had been erected. He seemed on familiar terms with the Indians, for he brought a number of prominent chiefs to the station, and aided in the clearing of the grounds. The beauty of Beatrice Lindsay at once attracted his attention, and he tried to ingratiate himself into her favor. Seemingly, to some extent, he succeeded, for the girl did not wish to transform into an enemy him who had been so willing a hand in contributing to their comfort. She knew that he would ask her to become his bride, and at last the time came.

As Mark Kingham said, she refused him in plain language, and he left her alone in the forest, much chagrined at his defeat.

The Lone Dove of Kentucky, as the Indians called Beatrice, already loved, and she did not refuse the repulsive backwoodsman to handsome Mark Kingham.

"I'll possess you yet," murmured Childster, as he left the scene of his defeat. "I'm not going to be put off thus by the prettiest girl in Kentucky. No, no! I'm too good a man for that. Through your brother, Beatrice Lindsay, I'll drag you to the altar—to my Indian lodge in Chillicothe. I'll do all of this in spite of Heaven!"

As the golden glow of the skies crept behind the Western horizon upon the day of Backwoods Kit's visit to Logan's Fort, the strong gate opened to permit the entry of Mark Kingham.

Since the opening of hostilities, it had been the custom of Benjamin Logan to throw several scouts into the forest every night, for the purpose of spying the vicinity of the fort, and to warn its inmates of the approach of any foe.

The young scout in question, upon this particular night, bent his steps northward towards the Kentucky. It was a chilly night in the latter part of February, 1776, and the buds were beginning to bail the approach of spring. The winter now almost at an end, had brought much suffering to Logan's Fort; game had been unusually scarce, and the buff and deer hunter always had the relentless savage upon his trail. The wolf and panther roamed the forest in a half-finished condition, and in attacking the well-armed settler or Indian brave.

"Hark!" muttered Mark Kingham, as the long howl of the half-starved wolf came from the bank of a stream that deluged into the historic Kentucky. "The wolf is after some body, and by my soul, he's bringing 'em this way! If an Indian, I'll drop him; if a white one, it can't be a white man, for he'd run another way—towards Logan's Fort."

As he muttered the last word, he walked some distance from the stream, and stationed himself behind a giant tree.

He was in the edge of the forest, and the moon sailing southeastward, flooded his surroundings in a mellow light.

The yells of the wolves increased in number and distinctness, and at length the scout heard the rapid tread of their victims. He seemed to have bent all his energies to the task of reaching a certain point, and here he came to a halt, and he ran like one not in the least fatigued.

"Ha! here he comes!" exclaimed Mark Kingham, as a giant form boomed up between him and the light horizon, beyond the edge of the timber. "It can't be Indian, and who can it be? Faster, faster follow, or the wild dogs will catch you!"

The scout cocked his rifle, and kept his eye fastened upon the hunted man, who came directly towards him.

All at once Mark perceived that the giant bear a boy in his arms, and a minute after this discovery, he stepped from his shelter, and presented his weapon at the wolf-pursued man.

"Halt, Kit Childster!"

The Titan uttered a cry of horror, and the youth dropped from his servile grasp, and hid himself behind a tree.

"Kit Childster," continued the scout, "you're engaged in pretty work, and, were I to follow the promptings of my heart, I'd drive a bullet through your brain. So you were stealing Charlie, intending to force Beatrice to your arms by threatening his life. But your plots will terminate now. You're long been a suspected man, Kit Childster, and we only wanted a proof of your treachery to rid the world of you. Turn your face

towards Logan's Fort. We're going back there now."

An ashy pallor overspread the traitor's face, and his form shook like the aspen's leaf. He obeyed the command, however, but, as he did so, the cry of the night hawk parted his lips.

A second later he felt the muzzle of the scout's rifle pressed against his head.

"Repeat that signal, or make any kind of suspicious noise or gesture, and I'll throw a streak of moonshine into your head!" cried the determined scout.

"My fingers itch to press the trigger, but I reserve you for the hangman's noose at the fort."

The mention of the doom that would probably be meted out to him at the backwoods station, caused the traitor to cringe before his rival and plead for his life. He promised to fly the country if Mark would release him; but he talked, as it were, to a man of stone, for when the scout told him that he must go to the fort or die in the forest, he went it.

The hawk cry sign was not answered, and at length, in the gray flash of dawn, Logan's Fort appeared in sight.

The appearance of the scout and his captives on the edge of the clearing was greeted with mingled shouts of triumph and vengeance, and when the gate flew open a score of infuriated pioneers rushed upon the giant, as though they would tear him piece-meal.

The scout soon learned the cause of their rage.

Just behind the body of Roger Hallinck had been found at his post, stabbed to the heart. The garbison was at once aroused, an investigation proved that Backwoods Kit and Charlie Lindsay were missing. The mystery of the pioneer's death was at once solved, and a party was about to throw itself upon the traitor's and murderer's trail, when he unexpectedly arose in sight as the captive of his rival. He would have been lynched at once, had not Roger counsel prevailed.

Benjamin Logan declared that the traitor should have a calm and impartial trial, and the following day was set for that event. The culprit was thrust into a strong enclosed cabin, there to meditate over his approaching fate.

"They'll come to-night," cried Backwoods Kit, going through a crevice between the logs upon the blackened sky. "If they hadn't run me right into that house's mouth, I'd been with them now. But they'll come all the same to-night, if I didn't see them, Mollusca said: 'The first mad night, and this is going to be one of the maddest old nights ever created. Ah! ye blood-thirsty pale faces, I'll scalp a lot of you afore dawn, for they're coming in such numbers, that no fort in Kentucky can resist.'"

The hoarse thunder that rolled from horizon to horizon upon the going down of the sun, was the tenderest music in Kit Childster's ears, and the flashes of lightning that rent the storm clouds were pleasing to his murderous eye. Presently the storm burst upon Logan's Fort, and it was as the traitor had prophesied, the "maddest storm" that ever burst upon the devoted station. With it came the hurricane, and the continual crash, crash of forest trees added to the fury of the tempest.

All at once the guard at the gate heard a noise outside.

"Who's there?" he inquired.

"Me—Jim Sonerville, badly shot. For God's hot me in!"

The sentry hesitated; he knew that the Indians had obtained assistance into the fort by deceptive practices, by decoys, and he feared this was one of them. But the plaintive tone sounded like the scout's, who was one of the forest spies for that night.

"Quick! let me in!" pleaded the man again. "I'm dying now, and I've got a wife in the fort. Quick! the British and Indians are coming, and will be here ere long. Must I die here? You're a hard-hearted man!"

That last word had the desired effect. The sentry unbarred the gate and opened it enough to admit of the egress of a man.

But the next moment an Indian rushed past him, and before he could collect his senses the yard swarmed with Shawnees and renegades.

Above the roar of the storm rose the death yell, and the scout who opened the gate fell dead as he barred it again. The Indians sprang forward to reopen it to admit the rest of their force; but twenty resolute pioneers threw themselves before the portals and prevented the act. The braves who gained admission into the fort outnumbered its defenders; but the pioneers fought with that determination so characteristic of our early settlers, and what they lacked in numbers they possessed in heroism.

The children were thrust into the block house, and the women showed their courage by joining their husbands and brothers in the fight for life. Several of the cabins had been fired by the savages, and the scene was appalling beyond description.

The traitor's guards left his prison to aid their comrades, and with a mighty effort, the renegade gained his freedom.

He snatched a rifle from the hands of a fire-haired boy whom he slew, and became a lion against the settlers.

"There she is!" he cried, as he caught sight of Beatrice Lindsay, fighting in the light of a burning cabin. "Now, my Kentucky tigress, you are mine!"

He darted forward, scattering death on either side as he went, and flashed among the furious band of red demons who outnumbered against the heroic little party of frontier women.

Headed by the traitor, the savages closed around the Spartan woman, and the burly hand of Backwoods Kit shot forward to grasp the Lone Dove, for whom he had risked his life. She shrunk from him, hissing the determined word "never!" and her rifle flew to her shoulder.

He saw his peril, and with a tiger-like spring, tried to avert it. But Beatrice Lindsay was too quick for him; her finger pressed the trigger, and his hand touched the breast of her weapon, and with a shriek the villain staggered back with a bullet in his brain!

At his fall the Indians wavered.

"Forward!" cried Beatrice, and upon the red for the heroic women dashed.

"The Shawnees could not resist the avalanche of despairing fury upon them. They fled to the gate, there to meet the remorseless guards. The panic had taken entire possession of their hearts, and their doubtful courage for quarter reached their brethren, struggling with Logan and a few heroes. Soon the rout became general, and, like sheep, the Indians and their white allies, dropped before their victorious foes.

Beatrice Lindsay had gained the victory, and with the defeat of their friends in the fort, the red men without the wall, fled.

Compared to the fierceness and nature of the conflict the loss of the whites was small; and for a long time after the battle, Logan's Fort enjoyed peace. True, the savages came near; but they never ventured to attack, for they had imbibed a superstitious dread of the Lone Dove, whom they now called—Lakawana, or "the woman that kills."

The day after the battle, the Indians were permitted to carry their dead away, but they rejected the body of Backwoods Kit, saying that by his advice, they had attacked the fort, and that, as he had caused them to lose so many brave men, they would not own his corpse.

He could not wait for the attack, and therefore had stolen. Charlie Lindsay, hoping the sooner to get Beatrice into his power, he knew her attachment to her only brother, and, after conveying Charlie to the Indians, he intended to force the heroic girl to choose between two dreadful alternatives—either to become his wife, or have the headless body of her brother tossed over the palisade some night.

His cunning, his judgement of human nature, told him how Beatrice would decide.

But Mark Kingham had failed his plans, and the rifle of the Lone Dove, whose life he would wreck, finished the career of Backwoods Kit.

And while he lay unburied in the forest, Beatrice became the bride of Mark Kingham.

Useful Household Articles.

Ammonia, or, as it is generally called, spirits of hartshorn, is a powerful alkali, and dissolves grease and dirt with great ease. It has lately been recommended very highly for domestic purposes. For washing paint from a tablecloth in a quart of hot water, dip in a flannel cloth, and then wipe off the wood work; no scrubbing will be necessary. For taking grease spots from any fabric, use ammonia, nearly pure, and then lay white blotting paper over the spot, and iron it lightly.

In washing hair put about twelve drops in a pint of warm water. To clean silver, mix two tablespoonfuls of ammonia in a quart of hot water. Put in your silver ware and wash, using an old nail brush or tooth-brush for the purpose. For cleaning hair-brushes, etc., simply shake the brushes up and down in a mixture of one tablespoonful of ammonia to one pint of hot water, and stand them in the water or in a hot place to dry. For washing fingermarks from looking-glasses or windows put a few drops of ammonia on a moist rag, and make quick work about it. If you wish your houseplants to flourish, put a few drops of the spirits in every pint of water used in watering. A teaspoonful will add much to the refreshing effects of the bath. Nothing is better than ammonia water for cleaning the hair. In every case rinse off the ammonia with clean water. To which we would only add, that, for removing spots, a mixture of equal parts of ammonia and alcohol is better than alcohol alone; and for taking out red stains produced by strong acids in blue and black clothes, there is nothing better than ammonia.

If possible make arrangements to keep all the sheep under shelter the coming winter. And in the construction of sheds, keep away from low, wet ground. If left to choose for themselves, they seek the dry and high and dry.

SLEEPING.

The wild eyes are closed deep
Beneath the white lid sleeping.
The cheeks flush with rose and glow,
And dimpled lips hold half apart—
Smiles coming and retreating;
God bless and keep the little heart,
Within the white breast beating.
As baby sleeps.

The tiny, restless, busy feet
Lie still in mellow slumbering—
The fingers are, full, white, and sweet,
Upon the yellow resting;
Close set the buds of nose and cheek—
Hark, and see the eyelids meeting—
And let the soft sweet summer air
Flank gently through the dressing,
As baby sleeps.

And though time go hurrying on,
Their quiet moods waiting;
And Heaven be good and Heaven be wise,
And angels be glad in giving;
The sunbeams play on the cheek and nose,
And bring the autumn's glow—
While still my darling's white eyes
Repeat the same old story—
That baby sleeps.

I sit and muse, while yet apace
The future years winging,
I think that gifts of love and grace
Their hidden hands are bringing;
What price the little that may lead—
What work the hands to mending—
What crown would my darling's head
When heart and soul, so glowing,
No longer sleep.

Ah! Hugs has many a fairy theme,
From her sweet lips unfolding—
And life has many a golden dream,
That some day heart is holding;
But none so glad as those that rise
In light and beauty blinding,
To show before a mother's eyes,
Above the cradle bending,
While baby sleeps.

Snipe on Toast.

I had some snipe on a toast in Phil. I saw on a bill of fare:

"SNIPES ON TOAST, 60 CENTS."

Snipe on toast would be almost too hearty food to feed people on who had been feasting on a raft three weeks, feeding on old hard legs. Says I to the waiter, "Give me some snipe on toast." By-and-by he came in and put down some toast, and I kept on reading what an amazingly cheap treat was, and what a ridiculous set every one is who is running for office; and I sat there an hour. Then I rang the gong. The waiter entered, and says I, "Where in the thunder is my meat?"

Says he, "They've been on the table an hour."

Says I, "I didn't order plain toast; I want a snipe on it."

Says he, "There is a snipe on it." Then I drew close up to the table, and I saw a little black speck on the toast, and says I, "You'll swear that it is a snipe?"

Says he, "Yes."

Says I, "You'd make a good linen buyer, you would."

Says he, "It's a snipe on toast anyhow."

Says I, "How did it get so?"

Says he, "That snipe is all right. It's a full sized one, too."

Says I, "I am glad of it. I'm glad you told me that's a full sized snipe, for do you know, young man, when I sat there reading I saw a black spot on that toast, but I took it for a fly, and I'm glad to inform it's a snipe—a full sized snipe. Now you can take the snipe away and bring me a turkey on toast; and darn it! I want a full sized turkey, too."

I ain't hankering after snipe since that episode. I swear I could have blown that snipe through a patty-blower without hurting the snipe or the patty-blower either. Snipe on toast may be game, but it's a mean game.

Cider and Stewed Snipe is Ripe.

JOHN.

Well-Informed Ladies.

How much more intelligent and fascinating the majority of young ladies would be, were they to give a little more attention to newspaper reading. We do not mean the blank papers of the day, which are filled with matter which, if it does no harm, can certainly do no good, but to newspapers—those which make us familiar with present character and improvements of the age. It is well enough to know something of the world's history, but it is with the present we have mainly to deal. Every young lady should have an intelligent opinion on the moral, mental, political, and religious subjects of the times. The best and only way to find this, is to read good newspapers.

Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species with a design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment have, in the action, bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient and joyful, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives.

A KANSAS man was "set back" the other day by a couple of squaws entering his house, whom he had forgotten he had married a few years ago on the plains. What cheered him up is the fact that a Kansas court has decided that when a white man marries a squaw after the Indian fashion the same is legal and binding upon the husband.

CURIOSITIES OF SUICIDE.

Why then put an end to these excursions.

A perfectly healthy mind cannot conceive how any other mind can contemplate suicide. Perfect health and thoughts of death in any shape are not congenial. When the mind broods continually on death it is not in a healthy state, whether or not it contemplates self-destruction. That unwhimsical brooding is the route to suicide, and the fancies to which it gives rise on the way are often very curious. There is something grotesque in the careful preparations many suicides make for leaving the world gracefully. There is a sort of ghastly humor in their farewell will, while it may not provoke a smile at the time, leaves a sort of an impression of burlesque on the memory. All cases of suicide are successful robberies, and the robber leaves himself confined in the hands of society and the law to do with what they like. The suicide risks misfortune and time of their lawful prey and mocks at punishment and retribution.

He thinks to suspend the laws of nature by dying before his time, and probably rejoices while in the act of proving himself an exception to the majority of mankind. Some suicides seem to take particular pains to work up enough emotion and mystery to leave their mournful stories intensely interesting. The different modes in getting out of the world conceived by their minds often show ingenuously of encouragement, if directed toward some cause in life. Their last words, when they leave any, are intended to make their friends feel more miserable, and with above all things they had lived. This is an unfair advantage to take of the living, and sometimes suggests that it might have been the sole object of the suicide to make the world feel badly.

Suicides of different nationalities exhibit various methods and traits. Americans have a fancy for hanging, but they often shoot, the French take poison, either in the stomach or lungs; the English rather favor drowning; the Germans are rather undecided about the best way to do it; they are the most sentimental, and furnish instances of the most curious suicides on record.

There is always something extraordinary about a German's method of helping himself out of the world. He shows more deliberation and active preparation for the event, and he usually succeeds. He looks upon failure as entirely irreconcilable, when the thing can be made so sure. The Germans have lately taken the notion to go off in pairs. We have two late instances which are curious.

A few weeks since two young Germans in London made themselves the subject of many newspaper comments. It is supposed they were guilty of robbery in their own country, and fled to the world's hiding-places, London. They had plenty of money, and ended it in delirium and all sorts of excruciations. At length they came to a room, and in desperation they shot themselves up in a room, with the understanding that they should kill each other, or that each should kill himself.

The proposition so desperately made was as desperately carried out. Pistol shots were heard in their room; the door was broken open; one of the young men was found dead on the floor, and the other badly wounded. The testimony of the wounded man was taken at the coroner's inquest, and the finding of the jury was that the dead man came to his death by his hand, but that his wounded associate was necessary to the deed, the penalty of which under English law is death.

A counterpart of this tragedy recently happened near Baltimore, and the victims were also two young Germans. They arrived in Baltimore early in August, and had large rolls of greenbacks. They were laboring under great nervous excitement, and gave themselves up to reckless excesses. From their merriment it was supposed they had committed a robbery, and detectives were set to watch them. They stated that they were brothers, and gave their names as R. and G. Muller. Being hunted by the police they left town and were heard of no more until their bodies were found in a wood about two miles from the city. It was at first supposed they had been murdered for the money which they were known to possess, but subsequent developments led to the belief that, driven to desperation, and brought to bay by the police, they deliberately killed themselves, or shot one another. This is marvellously like the London affair, the only difference being that in one case the agreement was carried out in a crowded city, and the other in the woods.

In both instances the men were young; were suspected of robbery and of being fugitives from justice, were possessed of considerable sums of money, lived a dissolute life, squandered their money, or were robbed of all they had, and wound up a short career by an agreement to kill themselves.

The latter case was deemed a very singular one in Baltimore, but it becomes still more remarkable in connection with the similar one in London.

A German named Staab furnished another curious instance of suicide. He had been living for years with his relatives at Virginia City, Montana. It was known that he had brought a cord with him from Germany years ago, and that he always carried the cord in his pocket. A few weeks ago he was missed from the house, and was found in the barn, suspended from the rafters, dead. He had used the cord which he had carried for many years evidently for the purpose of taking his life, but had never thought of destroying himself, or explained to any one why he carried the cord.

"Shamefully Defeated."

From the Paris Tribune.

We confess we do not understand why it is that so many Democratic papers, in giving an account of the "situation," should insist that we have been "shamefully defeated." We made the race upon a platform that contained every Democratic principle that was at all practicable, and upon a platform that contained nothing anti-Democratic. It is true we selected men that were once against us on issues that are dead; but they were with us on everything that had practical vitality. We had just emerged from a terrible civil war; the South wanted peace; she wanted a chance to repair her broken fortunes; she wanted a chance to recuperate her last energies, and once more to get upon her feet. To do this it was necessary to give her some friendly legislation. And to do this it was thought best to ignore everything like political prejudice and select men who were supposed to be acceptable to the great mass of Northern voters.

But it seems we were mistaken. Still it was a movement instigated by a pure patriotism, and those who cheerfully supported Greeley and Brown, can at least have the consolation of knowing that they did all they could for the restoration of peace, reconciliation and good government. And we believe those who are carrying about an "ignominious failure," are influenced more by wounded vanity than by any just view of the situation.

But suppose we had nominated a Southern Democrat? It would have been produced from every stump that the rebels were trying again to get possession of the Government—and the whole North and West would have been consolidated against us: Or suppose it had been a Northern Democrat? The cry of "cooperation" and "rebel sympathies" would have been raised, and the result would have been but little different. Or suppose the nominee had been a Northern War Democrat? Then those Democrats who are so bitter against Greeley, would have been driven to the alternative of voting for a man who had used his sword instead of his pen against the South.

We most emphatically deny that the Democratic party has been "shamefully defeated," or that it has met with an "ignominious failure." The past is strewn thick with monuments attesting the glorious truth that success is not always the true measure of the justness of a cause.

A Chill Cure.

The local of the Terre Haute Journal has discovered a new cure for ague. Here it is. To those afflicted with ague we say emphatically, crawl down stairs head foremost. Laugh at the idea if you please, but do your crawling first; you can then afford to laugh. Just as the chill is coming on, start at the top of a long flight of stairs, and crawl down on your hands and feet, head foremost. You never did harder work in your life, and when you arrive at the bottom, instead of shaking, you will find yourself puffing, red in the face, and perspiring freely, from the strong exertions made in the effort to support yourself.

It will effect a cure beyond a doubt, but whether from this cause or from that, we will never tell you, nor need you care to know. Try it. It won't cost you near as much as quinine or patent medicines, and if it fails it will only do what they do every day. If it cures—as it surely will—lay the facts before our local scientists, and let them discover the cause. At all events, ye shivering sufferers, lay this maxim to your heart, "crawl down stairs head foremost" will certainly prevent a chill."

Romance Will Never Die.

Here is the ground-work for a first-class novel. A blind man was crossing Broadway the other day, when he was on the point of being run over by a reckless cab-driver, and at the risk of her own life, a beautiful young lady ran to his rescue, and piloted the poor man to the pavement in safety. A rich bachelor saw the transaction, and straightway sought her out, was introduced, courted, proposed, was accepted, and married the heroine without loss of time. The effect of this has been wonderful. Hopeful young ladies can be seen standing in the vicinity of street-crossings, with one eye searching for stray blind men, and the other on the lookout for a rich bachelor; for it would be an awful bore if they should tackle the old blind man and have the bachelor nowhere around.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

TO REMOVE GREASE FROM SILK.

Take a lump of magnesia, and rub it wet over the spot; let it dry, then brush all the powder off, and the spot will disappear; or, take a visiting card, separate it, and rub the spot with the soft internal part, and it will disappear without taking the gloss off the silk.

RICE SOUP.

Take four carrots, four turnips, six leeks, six onions, and a little root of parsley. Cut them up in pieces the shape and size of dice, and fry them in butter. When well cooked, add the requisite quantity of water for soup. Now put in with them four ounces of rice—more if required—boil them all for one hour and a half, until the rice and other ingredients are sufficiently cooked, and then add salt and coarse pepper for seasoning. Before sending up this dish to the table, care must be taken that there is not too much butter in the soup.

RANCIED BUTTER.

Butter is composed of fat and a little albumen. When the temperature is raised, the albumen acts as a ferment, and decomposes the fat, converting